

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



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25¢

Moab,
Utah



Delicate Arch to greet visitors to Moab!

Arched Entrance Arches Eyebrows

A consortium of local developers have resurrected a plan to span the North entrance of town with Delicate Arch, the most beautiful and well-known arch in nearby Arches Park.

The bold proposal, set forth in the group's recent application for federal development money, is truly awesome in scope, and would employ some of the most sophisticated mock-up construction technology ever attempted.

The idea is a variation of the plan put forth by the now-defunct Moab Underground Chamber of Karma.

That group dropped the scheme after "lengthy and deep consideration" of the feelings of the arch. They concluded that its pride would probably have been hurt by the construction of a copy of it, no matter how skillfully it was done.

They later re-organized as the Black Pantheists, and are presently the loudest critics of the current proposal.

The prime movers of the massive project are forging ahead with the design and funding groundwork, and have hired a team of lawyers to begin securing the necessary permits. Despite massive and well-funded opposition, the

plan seems well on its way to becoming a reality.

"We expected the environmentalists to squeal like a bunch of stuck pigs! But I for one don't know why they are so upset about it", chuckled group spokesman Harold Gaynard.

"We've got a workable design, an eager work force of unemployed miners, and the engineering know-how to construct a perfect imitation, accurate to the last detail.

"We've got to stop giving in to these damned obstructionists. We have studied this whole thing and you can quote me on this: any environmental damage that might result has been judged to be negligible."

Reporters for the Stinking Desert Gazette, however, learned that strong opposition is also likely to come from the National Park Service.

Park officials deny rumors that a decision against the project has already been arrived at, and stress their willingness to cooperate with the town in any venture that might help relieve the economic slump that has characterized this county since the demise of the uranium industry.

They maintain, however, that nothing of this breadth and scope has ever been requested of them, in the entire history of National Parks administration.

Contacted by telephone, Arches Park Superintendent Trustin Parry reiterated his desire to reach a solution that "best serves the interests of all concerned".

"If it isn't one thing, it's another", lamented Parry.

"As you already know, our legal and technical people have been working for months on the 'Hide the Weenie' Project.

"Then came the flap over our 500% increase in park entrance fees, which are scheduled to go into effect this year. And now this!

"All I can tell you is that we are proceeding with an open mind and that a final decision will be made only after all of the facts have been made available to us. Nothing is as of yet 'cast in stone'.

"We'll try to work with these guys. But, all this controversy is enough to make a man consider an early retirement!"

Public reaction to the mammoth endeavor is mixed. Many Moabites have strong reservations regarding the ethical ramifications of the project, although most admit that it would bring more tourists than anything done thus far along those lines.

But Black Pantheist President Cherty Biohern denounced the idea as but "another in long series of attempts to unfairly exploit one of our most beautiful natural attractions".

"Let me make one thing perfectly clear", insisted Biohern. "We are not, as some have insinuated, angry about the fact that they have 'stolen' our idea.

"This monstrous scheme is nothing at all like our proposal!"

While some final details have yet to be

INSIDE

How Moab
got its name!

The history
of Moab's
postal service.

by Elaine Peterson

see page 6

More Men's
underwear!

worked out, the preliminary plan has been thoroughly outlined in the engineering proposals accompanying the development funding request on file in Washington.

The project involves the insertion of a massive 10 foot eyebolt into the top of the arch and, with the aid of drills and shims, loosening the structure from its natural pedestal.

Once detached, a team of giant cargo helicopters will airlift the structure the 10 miles or so to a prepared masonry base at the north end of Moab. There it will be permanently mounted, straddling the highway, advertising Moab as the "arch capitol of the world".

In its place in Arches Park, a full-scale model will be constructed, perfect in detail and, according to the developers, "better than the original".

"This would enable every red-blooded American to see the real thing!", insisted Gaynard.

"Hell, the way it sits now, you have to walk nearly two miles to see the thing from the nearest parking place.

"Nobody I know can walk that far. It's just a waste of a perfectly good arch."

Winter Program Schedule

8:00 a.m.	Local news with Curt Stewart	Sign on
7:30 a.m.	Canyon Radio Auction with Don Kiffmyer	
8:00 a.m.	Local news brief	
10:30 a.m.	Trading Post with Christy Robbins	
11:00 a.m.	Paul Harvey noon news	
12:00 noon	Information hour with Curt Stewart	
12:15-1:00 p.m.	Sounding Board with Christy Robbins	
2:05-2:25 p.m.	KCNY evening news with Don K. and Curt S.	
5:00-5:30 p.m.		Sign off
6:00 p.m.		

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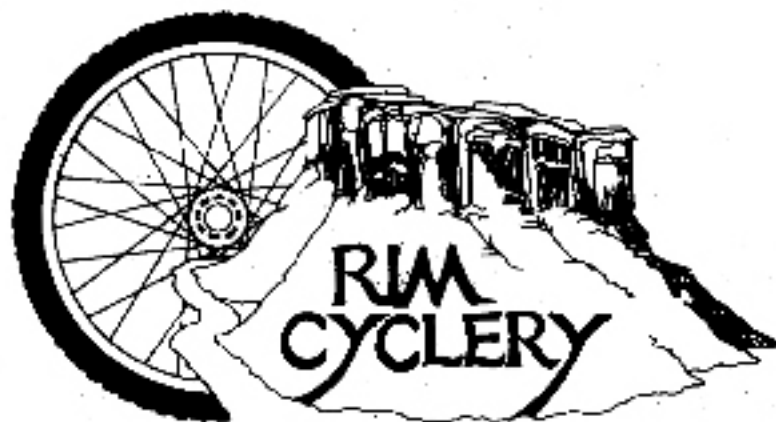
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C.C. RITTER '84

"WELL, LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE - AT LEAST WE'LL GET LAID!"

The Absolute Truth



Philmore Banks, Esq.

A monstrous deluge of letters has overwhelmed my office staff, all hotly protesting our long established rate for a year's subscription to the Stinking Desert Gazette.

Out of respect to the tender and refined sensibilities of our more civilized patrons, I choose not to quote from them. Rest assured that the level of scatalogical eloquence which marks these letters marks as well the woeful lack of erudition apparent in

Nonetheless, at the risk of validating these complaints with any response, I find it necessary to inform my uninformed readers that these unsporting and iniquitous disapprobations are purely fatuous. Sheer poppycock.

The positively reptilian insinuations that we are being in some way financially injurious to our beloved readers is more than an assault upon our sterling character, yea, it's a veritable dagger to our vulnerable hearts.

Furthermore, contrary to popular belief in these environs, "breaking even" is not financial success.

However, to dispel any clouds that threaten the pure sunlight of full disclosure, I offer the following accounting for your perusal:

Stinking Desert Gazette.....	25¢
Postage.....	39¢
Handling.....	11¢
TOTAL	Exactly 75¢

Immaculate, don't you think?

75¢, which just so happens to be the price we charge by subscription, \$9.00 for 12 issues!

The answer to the vexing riddle of how to reduce the overall cost lies in resorting to an ethical if somewhat manipulative maneuver to reduce the cost of postage, a strategy employed by small religious organizations.

I daresay, while we are not as of yet a "major" or widely recognized religion, we did respectably well in recent head-to-head competition.

In the Annual Christmas Parade last Dec. 6, our new Stinking Desert Gazette Mobile Unit 1, our draft horse powered prairie schooner designed to be fully functional in the event of gasoline shortages, captured third place.

That is to say, we finished behind the Moab Christian Academy, a dazzling trailer load of children all disguised as little candles, and the second place winner, the Community Baptist Church, the crucifix of love.

The insufficiency of our finish notwithstanding, I maintain that we represented ourselves admirably well by placing ahead of the Catholics, Mormons, Episcopalians, Lutherans and the Four-Square Rock-Solid Iron-Glad Brass-Bound Tabernacle of Undeniable Truth and Universal Revenge.

Our brave Black Pantheists, lacking the awesome wealth, legions of followers and the absolute celestial momentum of the other religions, struck a blow for rocks everywhere by winning the white.

One aspect of our "victory" remains a puzzlement, however, and that was the ambiguous announcement of it in the weekly paper.

Although our entry was emblazoned with banners proclaiming to the world in foot-high letters that it was indeed the Stinking Desert Gazette referred to it as "Nik Hougen and his horse-drawn entry evoking Christmases of Yesteryear..."

Why, that would be comparable to us here at the Gazette referring to the Times-Independent as: "Sam Taylor Evoking Moabs of Yesteryear"! We would never even think such a thing, let alone utter it in public.

Alas, in this business, a new publication gets little respect until it acquires 200 subscriptions.

At that magical level, that gilded plateau of publishing, normal postal regulations are flung aside and rates are slashed by 70%.

But far be it from us to ever beg for subscriptions, to grovel for our patronage. We accept our place in life with a stout heart and good cheer.

In the meantime, dear readers, keep the faith. The road through sub-200 territory is rocky and arduous and not for the faint of heart.

In moments of weakness and temptation, seek the wisdom of the river and the counsel of the rocks. In their infinite wisdom they will help you through your spiritual crises and assist you in the decision to send the \$9.00 to continue the good work being done on their behalf.

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SEE IT AND BELIEVE IT!

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A bunch of people all over the world meditated for peace the morning of December 31. I'm glad they did because we sure needed a little peace after all the December parties.

The month began with the Christmas parade down Main Street. The floats looked bedraggled in the drenching rain, but faces were shining and kudos go to Dina Darbonne, parade organizer, for not cancelling due to "inclement weather".

Gossip has it that Brian Coombs and Friends were preparing a DAMN float for the parade. The MADD organization (Mothers Against Drunk Drivers) is well known, but few realize that the DAMN organization (Drunks Against Mad Moms) was founded in Moab.

The Poplar Place float featured the nativity scene with Joe Kingsley as Joseph, and Amber Sargent as Mary. However, the manger which was built of hay began to sag in the rain, resembling several of Joe's rental properties. The unofficial P.P. float, seen by only a select few, featured Joe Kingsley as the Scrooge landlord, knocking on the door of the "manger". Joe is well known for his cruel policy of asking tenants to clean their yards even if they don't intend to ever pay the rent.

Later the same day the Lip Synch Contest was held at the P.P. and all the entries were outrageously entertaining. Gilles set us swooning over his sexy act; Mary Mullen, Joy Wheatley, and Suzanne Berrian were just plain BLACK and BAD; and Bill Schroeder, with help from Joe Kiffmeyer, rustled up a spell-binding rendition of "I wanna be a cowboy".

Becky and Donna, as Doris Day (and Night) were cool and sparkling. Becky says she used to idolize Doris Day because "she was the next-door neighbor type you could imagine growing up to be like".

The question everyone is asking is whether Becky and Donna padded their bras for the performance. Shocking as it may sound, Moab has seen a resurgence of falsies. It started at the 50's Party out at Pack Creek where girls were nervously tucking bra straps out of sight all evening. The embarrassing truth about bra-padding would not have ever been discovered, though, if LouAnne hadn't "dropped her load" while doing the twist.

In case you boys are mystified by this topic, ask Kirk DeFond what he learned in the back seat of his Dad's '74 Capri. Good old Dad lent Kirk the car for the 50's Party, and apparently Kirk did something "right" because the entire car was covered with smooch marks the next morning.

Then two weeks later we all dressed up for the 10th Annual Christmas Soiree, hosted by Brent Pearson. Several men wore handsome tuxedos and several women admitted that their voluptuous good looks weren't entirely natural.

Frank Lemon, local poet and long-time rancher is the man to ask about brassieres. When he saw our underwear ad in the Striping Desert Gazette he said that it was interesting to see a cow halter being modeled by a human being.

Did you hear about Steve Bathness' new career as orthopedic surgeon? When Mike Hawk broke his hand he got it X-rayed, to locate the break. Then Steve pulled out his trusty boat-repair kit and made a fiber-glass cast for Mike. I think that was a neat, brother-friend thing to do.

Hey, have you tuned in local radio station KONY during Christy Robbins' afternoon program? Buddy Hummer likes to hum along. Thank you Christy.



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MOAB'S EARLY MAIL SERVICE

Elaine Peterson

The following history of the Postal Service in the Moab Area was compiled and written by Mrs. Elaine S. Peterson, who served as Moab Postmaster for 17 years.

Her account of the Mail Service to Moab, from the dangerous pioneer days all the way through to the uranium boom of the 50's, reveals more than the struggle to get reliable service to Moab. It speaks of life in general in those times, before the rich, black, crystalline Uraninite was discovered deep beneath the floor of Lisbon Valley by a "lucky" Charlie Steen, before the sudden influx of 7,000 people into the quiet valley town, before Moab became, for a decade or more, the New York City of the Uranium Mining Industry.

One of the most dangerous mail routes in pioneer history was the route through Salina, Utah, and Ouray, Colorado, which passed through Moab.

The route, established in 1879, is described in a manuscript left by the late Frank Silvey which is now in the possession of the Grand County Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers.

"This mail route started at Salina Utah, thence to Green River, thence to Moab, La Sal, Paradox, Naturita, Placerville, thence on to Ouray, a distance of about three hundred and fifty miles or seven hundred miles round trip.

"The first mail carrier was a man by the name of Howard, who carried it several months. Then Tom Brewster was the regular carrier for about two years This mail route had no regular schedule, but a sort of 'go as you please' schedule.

"Sometimes it took a month, sometimes six weeks to make the round trip. The mail carrier had a saddle and pack horse loaded with a light bed, some flour, bacon, coffee and a canteen of water, and would camp whenever the horses began to tire. As there was no change of horses along the way, great care was taken to favor the horses as much as possible."

"The mail carrier had to ford or swim the Price, Green, Grand, Dolores and San Miguel Rivers - all dangerous in time of high water. The LaSal

divide could be difficult in winter, and the carrier kept on the lookout for hostile Indians.

Over the entire route of 350 miles there were perhaps less than 100 people to serve. Rather small leather sacks or pouches served for all mail along the route, as few people wrote letters in those days and few took even one small newspaper.

As far as I have been able to learn, Mark Darrow was the next mail carrier between Salina and Moab. At first he traveled by horse as those before him had done; then he drove a buckboard and later got a stagecoach as the community grew and the mail increased.

After the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad extended its line through Thompsons Springs, now Thompson, the mail was brought from there to Moab and on to Monticello and Grayson (now Blanding). Alonzo Robertsor (Lon), and his brother Clarence got the contract to haul the mail from Thompson to Moab, and later acquired to contract to extend their mail route to Monticello. Clarence had decided he wanted to become a lawyer and did much of his early reading of the law while riding this mail from horseback.

Up to and including 1879 the mail was delivered to a tiny adobe post office in southern Spanish Valley which was called Plainfield, with C. M. Van Buren as Postmaster.

Later the upper valley became known as Bueno, and then Poverty Flat. It is now called Spanish Valley.

Sometime during the year of 1879 the settlers petitioned the Post Office Department in Washington D. C. for a post office.

FIRST, A NAME HAD TO BE SELECTED, AND WILLIAM PIERCE IS CREDITED WITH SUGGESTING THE NAME OF MOAB AFTER THE BIBLICAL MOAB, OR FAR COUNTRY.

Moab was first put on the map when a regular mail route was established from Salina to Ouray. According to official records in Washington D. C., the post office at Moab was established on March 23, 1880 with William A. Pierce as Postmaster. At that time, Moab was part of Emery County.

Previous to the establishment of the post office at Plainfield, the settlement of Moab had been referred to and even indicated on some maps

variously as "Norman Fort" and "Grand Valley".

After the completion of the railroad through Thompson in 1883, the mail was brought to Moab 3 or 4 times a week. At first the mail was delivered to the home of the Postmaster where it was distributed to the postal patrons. The first building used especially for the postal service was a small log building which stood north of the two story building which is located on the corner of 1st North and Main Streets (The Poplar Place) and it stood back from the road.

The next location was in the back room of a drug store owned and operated by a Mr. F. P. Bryan. Dr. Williams told me that he sometimes helped Mr. Bryan and that when the mail was delivered to them, they would empty it from the bag or bags onto the floor or a table and the people would come in and sort through it until they had found their own mail. He said he began sorting it out and handing it to the patrons, and he also told me that it came loose in the bags and he began sorting the outgoing mail into bundles as to cities or directions before putting it into the bags for dispatch. This building stood about where the Mode-C-Day store is now.

The next post office building was in the Peterson building now occupied by the Fashion Boutique, then it was moved to the adobe two story building on the corner of First North and Main. I remember the post office in the Peterson building had post office boxes for mail delivery. I don't know if they had them before that time or not.

The next post office building was owned by the Moab Garage Company and was in the building now occupied by the Shert-Lyn Shop. My husband and I later bought this building and it still housed the post office when I became Postmaster.

Other than William Pierce, early-day Postmasters were Henry Crouse, George H. Wade, F. M. Shafer, Melissa Stark, D. A. Johnson, F. P. Bryan, and F. M. Shafer a second time.

Mr. Shafer was retiring as Postmaster in 1935. It was in the middle of the depression and I decided to take the Civil Service Examination for the position. I had been teaching

(Cont. P. 7)

in Green River and made \$1,100.00 the year before. This job would pay \$1,400.00. It was riches in those days. I took the examination and got the highest score among 11 applicants. I was appointed acting Postmaster on June 30, 1935, and was appointed Postmaster under a Presidential Appointment on Jan. 20, 1936.

The post office was located in the Moab Garage-owned building next to the building in which we had a clothing store and an apartment in the rear of it. We later bought the Moab Garage building.

When I went into the postal service, it was a third class office. During my years as Postmaster, the growth of the town was steadily reflected in the growth of the post office, and we grew from a small third class office to the highest grade second class office, which class is determined by the postal receipts. I forget what I was making when I resigned but I remember that my last raise put me into a higher income tax bracket and my take home pay was \$1.00 less each two week pay period than it had been before. Stamps were selling for 3¢ each, and post cards were 1¢.

Those years were busy years. The 30's were depression years and the Government had set up Civilian Conservation Corps to give employment to the young men of the nation. At one time we had seven (7) CCC camps in the area that we had to service mail for. Postal employees consisted of me and one clerk. My clerk at that time was Verd Duncan.

The war (World War II) began with Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941. Verd went into the navy. All the able-bodied young men were called into service. As my next clerk I hired Claude Parks, who happened to be 4F and couldn't get into the service. After him, there was a series of girls and young women who I would get trained, and then their husbands or boyfriends would get back into the States and they would quit and go join them.

I hired my sister, Madge Duncan, and she stayed until her husband was based in San Diego and she joined him there.

Other clerks I had were Beth S. Warner, Lenna N. Christenson, Jean Evans, Evelyn Taylor, Marjorie Engebretson (Foy) and Renae Polley.

One of my duties during the war was to fingerprint the aliens in the County. There were a number of them in Segoe, so I made several trips out there to fingerprint them.

It was also the duty of the Postmasters of the nation to process the forms of the people when the Social Security System was first set up. They would come to the office, fill out the necessary forms with the needed data and I would forward it on to Baltimore.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was President. He was a victim of Polio and it was early in his Presidency that the idea for an annual drive for funds for Polio victims was initiated.

The first year, the Central Committee in Washington sent each Postmaster in the country some little buttons to sell. I was sent ten of them and it was suggested that I contact some of the local businessmen and sell them one for 10¢ each.

I remember that I met a little opposition from a couple of staunch Republicans who were "anti-anything Roosevelt", so I made their contributions for them.

I was on the local committees for this fund-raising project for a number of years after that. We usually had a dance as our main fund-raiser. The hall for dancing and the orchestra were usually donated to us without charge. We were always able to send in a lot of money for a town of our size.

Christmas was always a hectic time for us. The building was getting too small for our needs and it seems like we were getting tons of Parcel Post each day. I had two clerks by this time.

The population of the entire county in the 1950 census was 1108.

After the war when the veterans were all coming home I decided to quit. So, on June 30, 1952 I resigned my commission. I thought we had been busy, but I found out the busy times were just beginning. It was the beginning of the uranium boom!

Elaine Peterson served as Postmaster from 1936 to 1952. Russ Carter served from 1952 to 1975. Howard Knight served from 1975 to 1978. Lew Prowse has served as our Postmaster from 1979 until the present.



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I rode past Brim Full of Outdoor Stuff Cyclery the other day and noticed a thirtish-looking fellow bringing his shiny new Mountainbike out the door for his very first test ride.

A devilish grin shone through his beard and mustache as he mounted his shiny stallion and lunged forward down the sidewalk accelerating rapidly with each pedalstroke. Whoa Boy!

The next thing I knew he had reached the end of the block on the sidewalk (having thoroughly frightened two young skateboarders, one dog, a mother with babe in arms and a motel maid sweeping off the sidewalk) and soared off a set of concrete steps built four high above the pavement at the intersection.

For a moment I thought man had indeed conquered the skies and learned to fly. (Ought to be able to fly on a machine that costs \$1,000!) The bicycling fool still had a fiendish-looking wildness in his eyes when the bicycle decided to re-establish contact with some very old scientific theories.

If you believe that machines have a certain degree of life and feeling to them, (after all, we already know that rocks can talk!) you might believe that I heard a terrific grunt and groan as the mechanical wind was knocked out of the new bicycle as it hit the pavement. It was a terrific blow!

The poor new bicycle was so astonished at the treatment that it didn't even have the presence of mind to throw its rider to the pavement, something a seasoned machine would undoubtedly have done with a flourish.

I was grateful, though, that the wildman didn't crash. I surely would have raced up to the injured new bicycle with my patchkit, tools and oil, with tears in my eyes trying to ease some of the pain. It's easy to get tunnel vision in a tough

situation, and I might have forgotten to check the scene for other injured parties!

The shock of the entire incident, however, stopped me dead in my tracks, feeling the tremble of my bicycle beneath me as if it were saying; "I'm sure glad you never did that to me during our five years together!"

It was true, I had taken good care of my steed despite having ridden trails and roads that most big 4X4's would balk at. There's something to be said for grace, skill, slow speed and knowing when to walk! The latter of the four being all but omitted from the vocabulary of backcountry machine riders and drivers.

My attention was quickly jerked back to the situation at hand, though, when I saw with astonishment that the cycling devil was coming back at the set of four concrete steps with the obvious intent of riding UP them!

I could see the stone steps smiling.

Soon there was the crunch and whack of metal on stone as the front chain rings and one pedal ground to a halt on the second concrete step. The rider quickly bull whipped the bike into submission by bouncing violently up the last two steps and remounted to race back down the sidewalk where the dog, mother, skateboarders and motel maid had just resumed normal positions.

I had seen enough and carried on toward home. As I rounded my home street corner I was reminded of my car that had recently been suffering from what appeared to be planned obsolescence. (That's one reason I was running errands on the trusty old Mountainbike.) It suddenly occurred to me that the bicycling industry had a much better guarantee of insured future business.

It's called planned Adolescence.



"OH HELL, JUST WHEN I THOUGHT WINTER WAS OVER!"

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THE BARD'S NARDS ——— POETRY CORNER

The Alive Sermon

Granted this dewdrop world be but
A dewdrop world, this granted,
Yet.....

Life's Web

Life's web winds round time turned,
And forever felt, falling feelings.
Those unheard and unseen
Round time, wound in a web,
Are but the illusion of a dream.
For feelings falling unfelt,
Do not weave meaning
To the web of life
And do not need weaning.
All that is of worth,
Is the exchange of feelings felt
Falling from the mime of time.

by Eric Bjornstad

I'd rather see a sermon
Then hear one any day.
I'd rather one would walk with me
Than merely tell the way.
The eyes are better pupils
And more willing than the ears.
Fine counsel is confusing,
But examples always clear;
The best of all the preachers
Are the men who live their creeds
For to see God put in action
Is what everybody needs.
I soon can learn to do it,
If you'll let me see it done,
I can watch your hands in action,
Your tongue too fast may run;
The lectures you deliver
May be very wise and true,
But I'd rather get my lessons
By observing what you do;
I may not understand
The high advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding
How you act and how you live.

by O.L. Anderson

Japanese Poem

You cannot step twice into the same waters,
For fresh waters are ever
Flowing in upon you.

Herakleitus

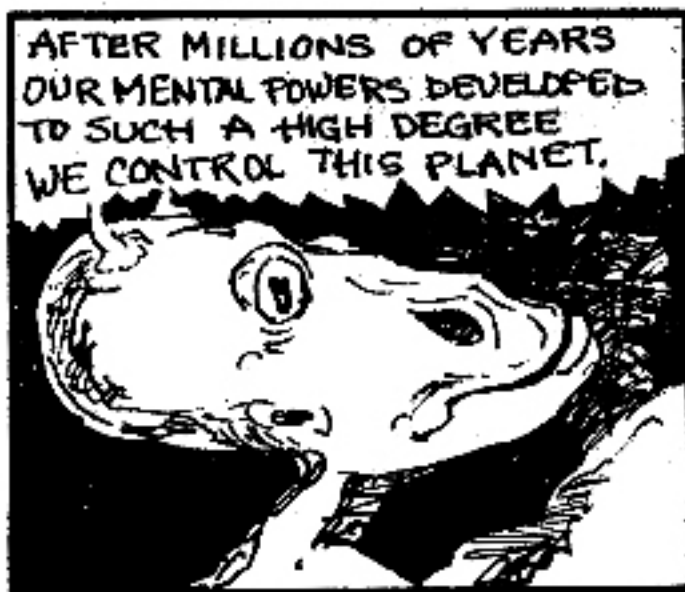
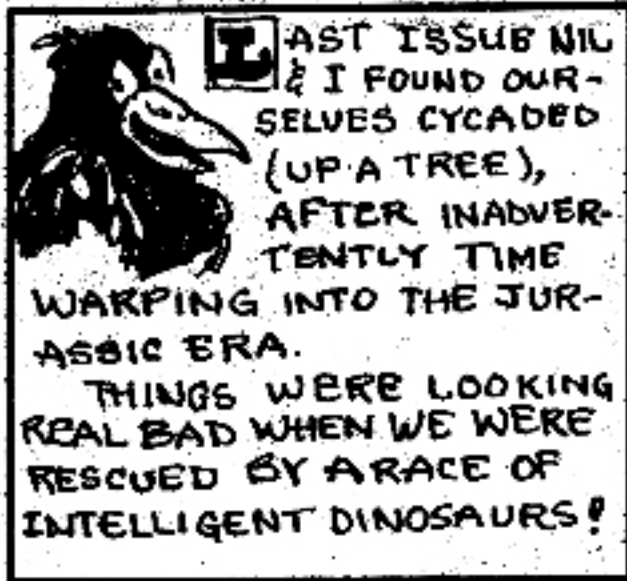
Four your drop of water into my ocean,
And become the ocean, which, in reality,
You are.

Meher Baba

PEG LEG

NIL'S JURASSIC TOURS

©86
C.L. RITTER



The Year in Review

by Izzie Kiddin

The Tourist Season is over. The last of the Geritol Set are careening their way off guardrails in their Winnebagos, heading to that great Retirement Center in the West; Death Valley.

Florida lost its popularity in recent years. Who wants to put up with all the snarled traffic caused by funeral processions?

Death Valley is much nicer. Look at all the room there is to die!

Winter is here. You can tell by the ninety-nine cent breakfasts at all the restaurants, and all the new bars opening. There is good money to be made off unemployment checks. Why, there are more places in Moab to go hear nightly live music than there is in Salt Lake!

But, opening a bar in winter is risky business. Many grand old dreams will turn into financial nightmares, sending distraught investors to scrounge up all available information on something called a Chapter 11, and send them poking through dusty library books about what constitutes a Historical Landmark.

Risky Business. Especially when the liquor laws in this state are so ridiculous! Why do you think Salt Lake lost its bid to play host to the coming Olympics? Can you just picture the 'Jet Set' somewhere in downtown Salt Lake, sipping 3.2 Perrier?

It was a good summer in Moab though. The River Tours experienced a reinterest in having glazed-eyed boat people take city folk to the brink of peril, sunstroke and cardiac arrest in Cataract Canyon. Why, it seems like only yesterday that most tourists thought "The Big Drops" were some fatal form of diarrhea one caught from eating too many juniper berries.

A resurgence of the Jet Boat also took place. One legendary figure is already in the process of building his high-powered boat for next season. Designed to hold 120 people, it will run the rapids going up-river while serving a seven course dinner by candlelight at dusk.

It has not been determined as yet just how all this will be accomplished; but in the words of our fearless leader - "You never know until you try!"

But, Winter is here now, and most boat people have headed for that great welfare check in the sky.

There should be some good deals on Take Over Land Payments up in the valley this winter. That is, if you don't mind living in a solar-heated teepee on five acres of scrub-oak, with a garden that has just been confiscated by the Federal Government.

This summer brought another influx of many foreign visitors to our desert shores. We tried in vain to communicate to them, but alas; AMERICANS are the ONLY peoples that know only one language. Kind of makes you feel lazy and shiftless, doesn't it.

The Great Scenic Dump Photo Contest was deemed a resounding promotional success, but the winning entry had to be suppressed, as it was an aerial view of the town.

The Park Planning Office people out of Denver were here this summer to inquire about what local merchants would think of a convenience store located at Devil's Garden in Arches National Park. Most were against the proposal, except one fellow from Taiwan, who asked if he could put a Motel 6 next to it.

Once again, the Town Visitors Center was hard pressed for brochures. Trying to get some 'See and Do Guides' this year was like trying to get a tab at a local bar.

I suggested that they ought to put on a slide show for all the tourists, charge admission, and then with these funds, get some brochures printed up.

They told me they didn't have any projectors, because the County Commissioners donated all of them to some "Non-Profit Organization", so they could charge admission for their own slide show and not have to bother printing up any brochures. Nice going, guys.

This Summer brought about the completion of the two-lane bridge up Highway 128. Now, hundreds of trucks, Winnebagos, fifth wheels, buses and the Castle Valley Road Race Team can negotiate the treacherous curves of this road, coming and going.

I think it would be a wise move for the Hospital to annex a unit somewhere halfway up the road. The sirens will be very busy this summer. Your Highway Taxes at Work.

Many tourists complained about finding a mechanic in town, let alone a reliable one. I told them I know of a good mechanic in Denver. They laugh. They think I'm joking!

There must be a school somewhere, where all aspiring mechanics go and learn one phrase with great conviction and sympathy. "Well, gees, I'm awfully sorry, but I'm the only one here."

Once again, a multitude of events and activities were held in Moab, that did the town absolutely no financial good at all. It must take some higher form of intelligence to come up with these events. The kind of people that usually wind up running for office. And Winning!

An infamous author of note returned to our fair county this summer after a long absence.

No, he wasn't here to voice his opinions, when the threat of a Nuclear Waste Dump was at hand. No, he wasn't present with his commentary, when we were making the bitter, but needed, transition from a mining town to a tourist town.

No, he wasn't around for any of that.

He's returned, to complain about the cows in the LaSals!

A Salt Lake TV Station recently interrupted the President's State of the Union Address, so that they could bring the BYU Basketball Game in its entirety, but no one complained. No one was interested in watching either.

But, it was a good Summer. This madness known as 'Tourism'. We complain when it's too busy, and we complain when it's too slow. We wish the Tourist traffic would continue year round, but know we could not handle it mentally.

Young teeny-boppers are a year older this year. They can't wait for the day they are old enough to put the pedal to the metal and split this cow town. They come back.

Ranchers say it is their last year. They are heading for more fertile fields.

They come back.

Every year, businessmen say this is their last year. They come back.

We always, come back.

Because, deep in our hearts, we know that there is no other place on this Earth, where we would rather be.

We complain. We struggle. We make do.

We have the ability as a community to laugh at ourselves, as well as with others. And amidst all our financial quandaries and short seasons, we somehow overcome all obstacles; just so we can stick around here a little longer.

In this place. This paradise, known as Southeastern Utah.

So, hey! I'll meet you down for some ninety-nine cent breakfast, and then we can go try out that new saloon and hear Cowboy Bruce and sip some cheap beer, OK?

It's January already. Spring will be here before we know it! Those hippie joggers from Boulder, Colorado will be running up the River Road any day now. It's a sure sign of Spring when you see all those health nuts and smell all that pot in the air!

So, for now, you take care of yourself. Keep warm, won't you? Talk to you later.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



OFFENSIVE ROCK?
PARK SERVICE ANSWERS!

Dear Editor:

DESPITE best intentions, your "stinking staff" has thrust Arches National Park into a moral dilemma by publicizing "natural features" in our N-rated section of the park. Since the passage of the Act establishing the National Park Service, also known as the "ORGANIC Act" (which made this rock famous), we have gone to great lengths to keep it out of the public's eye and to protect our children's more moral morality.

Ever since your front page spread, throngs of intrigued viewers now gather to marvel at the "wonder stone".

Realizing the impact potential of such large gatherings of gazers, it has been recommended that the proposed inorganic veil be dropped. Instead, we plan to erect a large nozzle on a nearby rock in hopes that cold showers on a daily basis will "naturally" reduce the size of this organic dilemma.

I'm sure the mistake was a slight of hand error but the name is Trustin - not Thrustin.

Sincerely,

Trustin Parry
Superintendent

Editor:

This is a letter I've wanted to write for a long time, ever since you started printing lingerie ads. I decided to hold back, but then, darn it, you put more in the next issue.

I am offended! Oh, it's not what you think. I don't mind the ads - in fact, I'd like to have a couple of those little numbers myself. (The underwear, Dittbag, the underwear.)

No, my complaint is because they're all women. Look Ed, it's winter in Moab. Give us ladies a break too. Those golden toufist boys are gone, and the locals are all wearing clothes this time of year. Aren't we entitled to see a little flesh?

Oh, I know what you're going to say! The last issue did have Jim Palmer in his briefs. (God, I love that word! I wonder if the word "panties" does the same thing to guys!) But that's one pair of, um, briefs, out of all the skivvies in three whole issues!

I know you're all liberal, fair-minded people. (Or, at least, ones who'll stoop to anything to sell a few papers.) So....I'm enclosing a few pictures I'm sure you'll be willing to publish. (Hey, I bet the problem is you just didn't have any before! Yeah, that's it.) I got these from one of my favorite magazines, "Ladies' Rural Desperation", sold under the counter at your favorite stop-and-get-it.

I hope you'll use them. (I know I'm not the only local lady who feels this way.) And by the way, thanks for those scenic pictures from Arches.

Nadine Schneider



Dear Editor:

I have one question. It does seem you all pay a lot of attention to rocks. We don't usually look down all that much in Massachusetts (just enough to avoid dog messes). Is this preoccupation the natural result of a small population, some sort of local in-joke, or what? Should we visit Utah sometime? When will we be able to get the Stinking Desert Gazette at the out-of-town news stand in Harvard Square?

Sincerely,

Jane and Peter Juniper
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

(One answer. In Moab, one looks up at the rocks, and steps in the dogshit. Don't come here unless you are spiritually ready for an intense and sometimes intimidating relationship with these rocks! And finally, when we get our 200 subscriptions and not a moment sooner! Ed.)

(Editor's Note: We are running the following letter as a generic sample of the dozens we've received on the subject. See Banks' answer to this wave of sarcasm and pettiness.)

Editor:

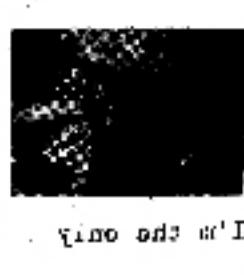
Your subscription/news stand rates remind me of my grandfather's grocery store. He sold bananas two for a dime, three for a quarter.

Joe Schlabotnik

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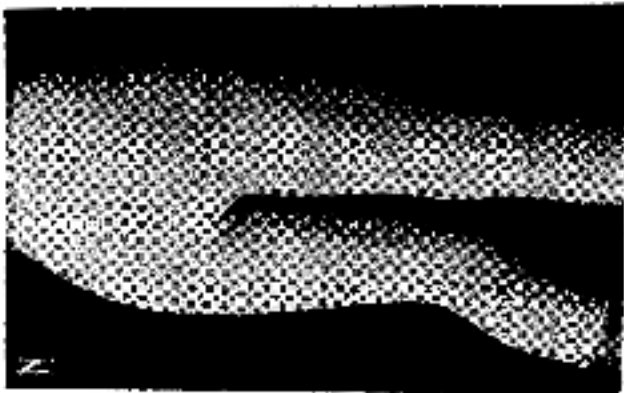
STINKY ADS GET RESULTS

To all you W.W.W. (and you know who you are!), have a fantastic New Year! When can we do the pictures??
Love, Bodacious
Amoebas from space

Special this Month! Load-activated, outhouse ventilators now marked down 25%. Installation available. Call: Nelson's Heating, 259-5625

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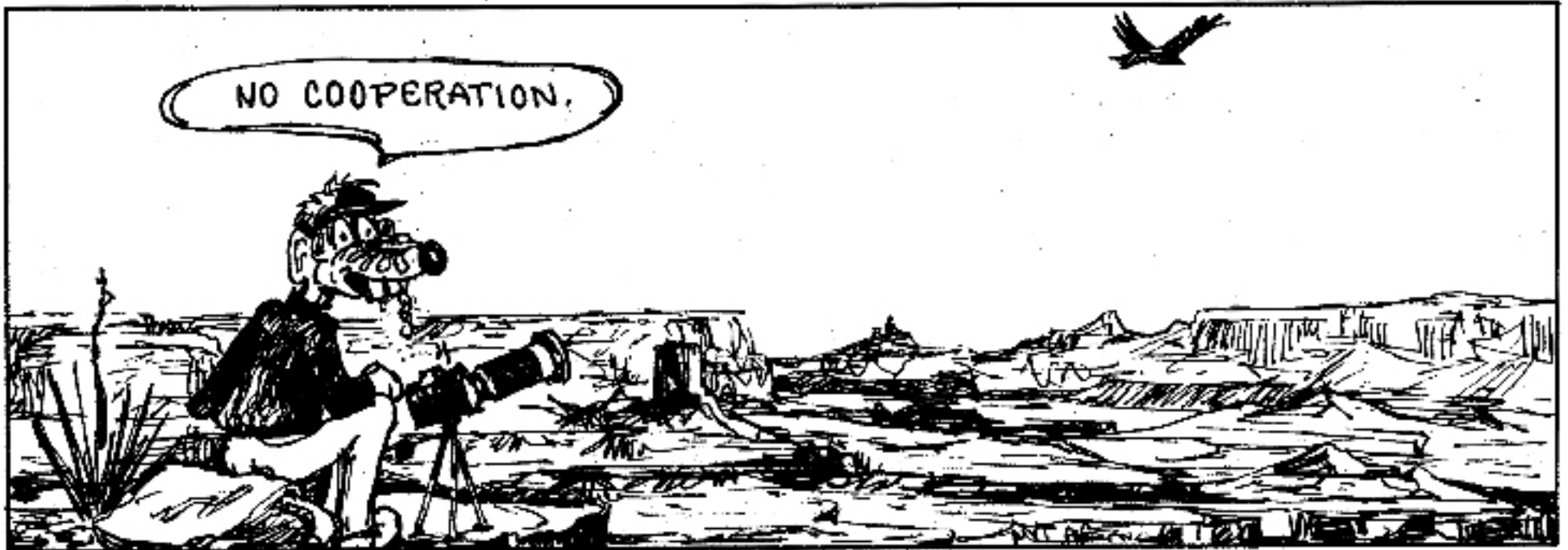
and our newest addition

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The MOVIES

BACKWATER

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